

VIRTUE AND SCIENCE.

Pindarick Poems.

DEDICATED

To the Most Illustrious PRINCESS,

St. Anne **A N N E,** *Sing. Sol.*

Dutcheſs of RICHMOND and LENOX,

A N D

To Her Sister,

The Right Honourable,

F R A N C E S,

Counteſs of NEWBURGH.

By J. S.

L O N D O N, Printed in the Year, 1695.



*Gift of
J. Pierpont Morgan*

P R E F A C E.

To the Judicious and Pious READER.

That Virtue, or the Love of Heaven above all things, is a necessary Requisite to the Attainment of Salvation, and the High Road to Beatitude, is the constant Judgment of all those, who are not meer Libertines, or Deists; nor can any doubt but Faith is also necessary, except those Naturalists, who deny all Divine Revelation. For, How can any man Love Cælestial Goods, if he does not first in some manner know them? And, How can the Generality of Mankind know things Unseen and above the pitch of their Natural Reason, but by way of Authority; that is, by Faith, or the Believing others who do know them?

But yet, meer Faith is not alone sufficient for that Great End: St. James assures us, that Faith without Works is Dead; and Life being the Principle of Action or Motion, we cannot move or promote our selves towards Heaven, by that which is Dead or without Life. Wherefore the Endeavours of all Spiritual Directours are employ'd in rendring Faith Lively and Operative; and this can only be perform'd, by making it more Clear, and more Familiar to our Conceptions; that so the Obscurity of it may not Retard our Progress, or Benum and Chill the Fervour of our Devotion. To this end our Common Directress, the Church, Instructs her Ghostly Children, the Faithful, by Catechisms, which Explain to them their Faith; She Obliges them to Pray at some Set Times, and Exhorts them to do it often; She proposes to them the Good Examples of Holy Men to excite their industry; She Administers to them Sacraments, the most pregnantly-expressive Signs to represent to them Spiritual things: She enures them to Practise their Devout Tenets, by enjoyning them to keep many Signal Seasons, (as Sundays and Festivals) Holy: Lastly, She Lays a kind of Sweet Force upon them, to keep up their Spirits from Drooping and Lazy Dulness, by her well-order'd Discipline; which puts them upon Exercising what Her Instructions had Taught them: And all this to no other end, but by acquainting them more familiarly with their Faith, to make it Vigorous, Lively and Active.

But now, besides those Ordinary ways of advancing Faith, there are other Clearer Lights; to attain which, is the work of but a few more Elevated Christians; tho', if Industry and Instruction be not wanting, they may, to a fair degree, be compass'd by considerable Multitudes; all of them tending to perfect Souls in the Knowledge, and consequently in the Love of God, and in a great measure supplying the Disadvantage of Faith's Obscurity. Such as are, First, The Science of Controversy; which if rightly managed, shews the Absolute Certainty of the Grounds of Faith, by Evidencing the Truth of Christs Doctrine, and that it has been sincerely and incorruptedly Transmitted down to us who live now. Secondly, Theology, which renders that Doctrine more Intelligible by shewing its Agreeableness to Natural Principles, and its Connexion with those Truths which are more Clear and Obvious to our common Conceptions. Thirdly, By Higher, Purer, and more Empyreal Lights gain'd by Abstraction from the world (either Totally or at Seasons) and continual Employment of our Thoughts in Meditation and Contemplation; which burnish the Rude and Unpolished Ideas we have of Heavenly Goods with a more Bright and Dazling Lustre; being (as far as our State here will allow) a certain kind of Experience of their Transcendent Excellency. And Lastly, Natural Science, or the true Knowledge of the Book of Creatures; which (and especially that part of Metaphysicks which treats of Abstracted Spirits) if Solid, and applied as it ought, is apt to raise the Soul to very sublime Contemplations. And These Knowledges are particularly They, which are meant here by Science as she is the Handmaid to Virtue: For they do all conduce highly in their several Stations, to make our Apprehensions of Heavenly Things more Clear, Active

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and Lively: They rivet and confirm in us our Adhesion to Heaven-reveal'd Truths, and add to our Spiritual Progress Incomparable Advantages. This is that Wisdom, which St. Paul tells us he spoke among the Perfect; and which is recommended here to all those that aim at Perfection.

I thought fit to deliver my Conceptions, tho' they were of the Highest Points of Christian Morality, in the way of Poetry, because this is more Elevated, and more becoming Great Subjects than Prose. The thoughts of a Poetical Writer use to be more Comprehensive; which renders his Sense more Full, and his Expressions more Smart. And I took the way of Courtship, to shew that there is no manner of dressing up a Subject, but may be Useful to Devotion; especially when the Matter guards the Author from all Suspicion of Levity. Besides, there is something of Charmingness in such kind of Addresses. Love is so Tender and Soul-melting a Passion, that it is Grateful to all whose Natures are not Sower'd by a Rigid Humour: Nothing can be either more Attractive or more Persuasive, than the Soft and Delicate Language in which it uses to be delivered. But I can need no more Authentick Voucher than the Holy Ghost, nor a more Warrantable Precedent, than the Sacred Scripture it self endited by his Inspiration. Never was any thing more affectionately writ than that Song of Songs, the Canticles of Solomon; in which the Dearest Love between the Church and Her Heavenly Spouse is penn'd throughout in such Amorous Language, and such Ravishingly-kind and Courtly Expressions, that perhaps the most High-Soaring Fancy that ever Writ since in that strain, has never been able to reach or equal it. He is but Meanly Verst in Poetry, who sees not that that Devout Piece is a perfect Love-Poem; and which is most dislik't by some Nice-judgments, a Dramatick Poem too; or as we familiarly call it a Play; where the several Persons Come in, Speak, and Answer in their turns. Whence we may farther discern that 'tis not the Artificial Form of Writing this way or that, which is Displeasing to God, but the applying that Form to Foolish Matter, or Unworthy and Unchast Subjects. Besides, in taking this Method, I had a due Regard to the Devout Sex, who take more delight in the Tender Expressions of Poetry, than in severe Precepts delivered in Rougher Prose; their Genius leading them to be more affected with what's Quaint, and to profit more by such Instructions as are usher'd in with Pleasure, and some kind of Gayity.

That I Dedicated these Pieces to those Illustrious Ladies, was a Natural Effect of the just Honour and Highest Respects I do, for many Regards, bear Themselves and all their Noble Family; which dilates it self into so many Branches adorn'd with most signal Marks of Honour, as perhaps Few in our Nation can equal it: And 'tis the greatest Encomium I can give to those Two Excellent Personages, that by publishing to the World they have a special Title to such Dedications, I declare at the same time that their Virtuous Education and Personal Endowments are such as render them capable of understanding the most solid Grounds of Christian Morality, and of benefiting Themselves by such Productions as exceed the reach of those Ladies who are not far above the common Levell of their Sex and Quality.

The Annotations may in one passage or two seem too speculative. But, I desire it may be consider'd that those speculations that are Aiery and Phantastick are indeed justly Blameable; but that those which are nothing but a deep Search and Inspection into the Nature of the Thing, which is under consideration, (as I am well assur'd these are) cannot justly be taxed with any thing but their being too well-grounded, and too solid; which are such Good Faults that they can need no Excuse: Nor can any thing be deem'd too Obscure, which the dayly Courte of our Christian Life, with a due Reflexion on our Interiour, will, after a while, beat out Plain to us; and requite our Industry and Patience with the Evidence and Satisfaction it will bring along with it when 'tis fully comprehended.

J. S.

DEDICATION:

To Her GRACE

The DUTCHESS of RICHMOND.

L O, Madam, here's a Noble Guest,
 Bespeaks a Room in your good Breast.
 She seems a Stranger and Unknown,
 Attir'd i'th' Mode of Helicon;
 At a late Visit given Her there
 By a Maiden Muse with Child of Her.
 But, if I' unveil the Tiffany Dress
 Her Friend there lent her, she'll confess
 Her self Your Inmate; vow'd to dwell
 Constantly in Your Heart's dear Cell:
 'Twas Orderd by Heaven's Kind Decree,
 Your Soul should be her Landlady.

Your choicest Entertainment bring
 For this Great Daughter to Heavens King.
 Of Your Heart Adorn each room
 With purest Thoughts, with Prayer perfume,
 Who thus receives her nothing loses,
 She all her Father's Gifts disposes:
 The Title she will give You, is,
 Heiress to Eternal Bliss;
 And your Aim at True Glory to advance,
 Whole Heaven will be your Rich Inheritance.

TO V I R T U E,

His Soul's Mistress.

Stanza I.

(a) **F** Air Maid of Honour, to Heaven's Court;
 What Pencil, or what Colours be
 Fit to Resemble, or even Emblem Thee,
 To Fancy whom lifts Art into Transport!

B

I

I am all Extasie
 When I mean *Thee*,
 Dear Ravisher of Hearts and Brains :
 Each High-Expressive Attribute
 Lisps, or is mute :
Blazons of Honour prove but *Blots* and *Stains*.
Courtship, which racks Truth, is *Detraction* here ;
Complements in *Realities* disappear.

I I.

Hence you Untutour'd Wits, whose Vein
 Is onely Gallant when Prophane ;
 Your Chattering Muse is *hoarse* where the High Theme
 Leaves no Power to *BlaspHEME*.
 Your *Aiery Art* affords
 But Empty *Lying Words*,
 Slandering *Heav'n*, and All-rich *Nature*,
 To Flatter one poor *Clayie* Creature.
 Stars, Violets, Gems and Spice,
 Roses and Paradise
 All are dissolv'd into *Loose Rhyme*,
 Which to Hell's *Service* movingly does *Chime* :
 Are all *distill'd* by fulsome soultry *Fires*
 Of Cole-black Lust-enkindled Desires
 T' *Extract* (alas) a *Motley* Mistress thence,
Vice's and *Vanity's* Compound Quintessence.
 Bold Chymists that dare try
 What God and Nature both deny !
Dust-creeping things be gone ;
 Your Highest *Musick* is but *Hisses*,
 Th' Old Serpents *Tone*,
 When he belov'd Corruption *devours* with Kisses.
 Let *Chloris*, *Celia*, and that Idol-Crew,
 Your Wanton Dotages, pack all away with you ;
 And in their ill-fill'd Room
 Let *Virtue*, Heavens-Enamouring Darling come.
Virtue,

III.

Virtue, dear *Virtue*! Hark how the lovely Sound,
 Climbing its Native Sky,
 Compendiously
Ecchoes the Sphere's whole *Consort* at each sweet Rebound!
 While my Joy-ravish'd Soul sweet **Virtue** sings,
 All Heaven's concern'd, and Counter-rings,
 Tun'd to the *Self-same* Key
 By *Mysterious Sympathy*,
 Such sweet and secret Force has *Correspondency*.
 Dear **Virtue**, my Soul's Queen!
 (b) Come, and come *Glorious*, as thou would'st be seen
 By thy Dread Lord, when at his *Session's* Day
 He shall the Palsy'd World in *Flames* survey;
 And with the purest *Beam* of his *Bright Eye*
 Thy *Mettal* try,
 And with one Powerful Glance *Purge* all thy *Gross Alloy*.
 In that *dazling* Form appear;
 Nor fear,
 Left our *Flesh-veiled* Sight
 Cannot sustain thy pure *Meridian* Light;
 True, we are *dim-ey'd* Bats and dwell,
 Bright *Virtue*, in a dark and gloomy Cell;
 Yet *Starry* Lights and *Thine*
 More needfully do shine
Cimmerian Midnight to expel.
 Deal forth a gentle *Ray*,
 And create a New-born Day,
 Which in Red Letters We
 Will Write, and Consecrate to thy Dear Memory.
 We with Devoutest *Incense* will it feast,
 And every *Sweet* of the Arabian Nest.

IV. Lo!

IV.

Lo where she comes, she comes amain,
 'c) And Nature's whole *Great Household* in her Train,
 All prest by *Reason's Law* to follow *Her* !
 Th' Obedient *Well-train'd* Band
 Stands still, moves forward, turns at Her Command.
 To Heaven their *Procession* is, and she
 The *Van* does lead ;
 Nor ought they tread,
 In their Calm March, *One Step* until her Beck they see ;
 Or, if some grow *disorder'd*, and do,
 All Natures *Well-Rank't* Army grows Disorder'd too.

'Tis She *allies*
 Our Sublunary World to the Bright Skies :
 She is the *Wedding-Ring* 'twixt *God* and *Nature* ;
 If any poor Exalted Creature
 Heav'n's Blest *Affinity* partakes,
Virtue the *Marriage* and *Relation* makes.
 She stands between,
 A Reconciling, not Dividing Screen.
 'Tis *Love* alone
 That can *Two Spirits* joyn in *One*.

V.

Being, which in its *Notion's spacious* room
 All possible Perfections does *enwomb*,
 Could not in her whole Line a *Scale* contrive
 By *Steps* at *Heav'n* t' arrive.
 Add new Gradations, until
 You fill
 All the far-stretched Length in *Numbers Row*,
 In multiply'd Excesses let Proportions grow and grow,
 Still, still, that Entiry sinks infinitely *Infinity* below.

Let

Let Great Creation exert its utmost Skill,
 It's Product's but deep *Nothing's Valley* to Heav'n's *Toplefs Hill*,
 Whither t' arrive *transcends*, oh far transcends *Impossible* ;
 Unless *Great Virtue*, Heav'n's next Neighbour, stand
 On th' top of Causes *Climax*, and there lend a hand
 To help the *Lame*, tho' *Winged*, Spirits on high
 T' attain and reach th' else-Inaccess'ble Deity.

V I.

- (d) Thy *Essence* is of *Harmony* composed :
 (e) That Old Philosopher had said true
 Had he meant *You*,
 Soul to the *World* and our Souls too.
 A Map of *Symmetry*
 Best Epitomizes Thee,
 In *Order's* perfect't Mould disposed ;
 (f) *Order*, as when New-Coy'd in Heav'n's High *Mint*,
 Retaining still the All-Wise, All-Good Finger's *Print*.

- A *Calm Sereneness* is thy proper *Grace*,
 Smooth as a smiling Angel's Face.
 (g) Oh, thou'rt all *Smile*, *Smile* shadows best thy *Feature*,
 One constant *serious Smile* of well-pleas'd Nature.
 A never-clouded *Genuine Smile*,
 Not coy'd fond Lovers to *beguile*,
 To tempt Loose *Vanity*,
 Or *gild* some *Complemental Lye* ;
 Thou'lt better Arts
 T' enamour Hearts,
 Thy Strict, Chast, Cold, yet Mild and Sweet *Indifferency*.
 All Love is *Favour*, and *Physick* needs,
 Which thy *Just Temperament* exceeds.

V I I.

When thou *breath'st*, thy *Breath* is *Prayer*,
 Exhaling Thee in *Perfum'd Ayre* :

B

In

In such Ayr Angels *wave* their Wings,
 With such Ayr the Seraph *sings*,
 Such Ayr the Heavenly Dove
Wasts down ; or, if above
 (b) Seemingly a while it stays,
 (i) This Ayr our *interchanged sighs* conveys.
 Thro' such Ayr *Kind Heav'n* dispences
 And transpires its *Influences* ;
 Which, in *Soul-quickenng Rayes* sent down,
 Our dry and barren Earth with *show'rs* of Blessings crown.

Thy Fragrant *Breast*
 Is a Phoenix *Cherub's Nest*,
 Where she does *brooding sit*
 (k) On thousand *Birds of Paradise* i'th' shell as yet ;
 Which, with a Wise *Impatency*,
Peck and *spurn* at their *Prison* to get free ;
 And, ripe to be released, they
Chirp at the *Dawning Glimpse* of their *Immortal Day*.
 Poor *Unfedg'd* things ! whose *Pinions* aym *Heav'n's Eye*,
 And in their *Downy Nonage* meditate the Sky.

VIII.

Sum up thy *Thoughts*, my Soul, sum up thy *Treasure* ;
 This *All's too Poor* of *Worth*, and *Time's too Short* a *Leasure*,
 Thy dearest Saint
 In *Form* and *Colours*, worthy Her, to *Paint*.
 Alas ! what can be found
 In *Nature's Round*,
 (l) Whether we look up to those *Nimble* things
 Fancy-clad with *Wings* ;
 Or down to this *dull-pac'd* *Corporeal Sphere*,
 (m) *Nature's Well-furnish'd Shop* of *Instrumental Ware*,
 From neither can w' expect other *Supplies*,
 But *Rags* of being, *Torn* in thin *Formalities*.

Too narrow far
To define *Her*,
In whom *Each* single *Good* and *Sweet*
Do in a Sacred *Eminency* meet.

IX.

Be then *thy Self*, Dear Saint, be *Thine Own* Beauty ;
Our *Slender Fancies* shall not dare
To injure Thee, who art *supremely Fair*,
By a detractingly-*Officious Duty*.
Be still thy own *Pure Self*, admit no *Leaven*,
For if thou beest *Thy Self*, thou'lt be a *Heaven* :
Heav'n wrapt up in the *Oar* thou art, *refin'd*
To *Glory* when we're made all *Mind*.
Life of oft-*self-reflected Grace-directed Reason*,
Still ripe to act when *Providence* points the *Season*.
Spirit of *Spirits*, *Seraphick Quintessence*,
Which none but such *Pure Fires*
As *Heav'n* it self *inspires*,
(n) Blown too by God's own *Breath* can extract thence.
Balsom of *Souls*, whose *Vigour* when it leaves 'em,
Nought from *Eternal Death* and *Sin's Corruption* saves 'em.
Suburbs, or *Gate* to *Heav'ns Metropolis*,
Planter of *Paradise*, and *Seed* of *Bliss* :
The *Flow'ry High-Way* to my *Endless End*,
My *Loveliest* and my *Everlasting Friend*,
Oh may no *Loves Master* this *Heart* of *Mine*
But that, Dear *Mistress*, of *Sweet Thee* and *Thine*.

F I N I S.

ANNO.

A N N O T A T I O N S.

(a) *Virtue* is meant that Queen of all Virtues, Charity, or an Intire Love of God; no Virtue being truly and indeed such, but That which directs all our Actions to our True Last End, and only Sovereign Good, the Enjoyment of Him: This, and none but This, being able to Sate Man's Natural Inclination and Propension to Happiness. No wonder then the most elaborate Expressions fall short of reaching the Character Due to such a Transcendent Excellency: This being the Highest Perfection of which a Creature can be capable in this world: Since none is, or can be above it, but that which is beyond all our Conceptions, the Unspeakable State of Glory, or the Actual Fruition of God as in Himself.

(b) After the Author had disgrac't the Idle Courtships and Ridiculous Flatteries, us'd by the common sort of Poets to their Worldly Mistresses, he addresses himself to Invoke his Spiritual Mistress, *Virtue*; and so makes the same, which was his Subject or Theme, to be his Muse also. And, to ennoble his Conceptions as much as may be, he raises his Thoughts to contemplate Her in that most Perfect State in which she will be found in every Holy Soul at the Last Day; when all Venial Imperfections, exprest by St. Paul by the Metaphors of Hay, Stubble, &c. which alloy'd the purity of Heavenly Love in most of them, shall be purged away, by the Ravishing Sight of their Dear Saviour (whom they had loved here chiefly, tho' not so perfectly as they ought) now appearing in his Glory; and coming to deliver them from their tormenting Pains, caused by their suspensive Hope of their long-delay'd and earnestly-desir'd Bliss; and from those pains of Sense also which they endur'd for their By-Affection, and Undue Adhesion to Creatures; the love to which they did not so entirely order to the Love of Heaven.

Let then the Readers but fancy to themselves that Ardency of Divine Love, which at the World's happy Period, when the Course of Nature, now for ever useless, shall be at a Stand, and Time shall be no more, will transport those Holy Souls, and instate them in the Eternal Inheritance of those Blissful Mansions: Let them next reflect on what Faith assures them, that either they must strive to store up in their Souls, while they are here, that Disposition, which, and which only, can immediately fit them for Heaven; or, they must be eternally Miserable if they wholly neglect it, or else suffer unspeakable Torments in the Intermediate State, if they but slightly cultivate their Minds with Virtue: Let, I say, Loose Livers and Tepid Souls, but reflect steadily on these two Points, and it must needs excite in them a Sollicitous care to improve their Wills with a fervent Love of Heaven; which may be with less labour attained, and at a far easier rate purchast here than hereafter.

(c) The Whole Material World was created for the Salvation of good Souls, and consequently, to breed and nourish them up in Virtue; without which Salvation is Unattainable and Impossible: And, 'tis the peculiar effect of Charity or Virtue, to order all those Creatures we make use of as Means to compass that Best End. Whence by the Rule of Contraries, we may gather the Hideous Enormity of Sin; which, consisting in the Chusing some Creature for our Ultimate End, and in the Directing all our Actions to the Attaining and Enjoying that Perishable and False Good, does of it's own nature disorder all the World, and ravel it into a wrong Frame and Method; and would actually Pervert the Order of the Universe, did not the Infinite Goodness of God, to support his own Work, and supply the Failings of his Weak Creatures, mercifully bring a Greater Good to the World

out of their Miscarriages, make a More perfect Harmony Spring out of that Confusion; and so contrive things, that the Vices of the Wicked should advance Holy and well-meaning Souls to a higher pitch of Virtue.

(d) As Vulgar Poets use to extoll their Worldly Mistresses for their rare Nature, the Composition and Symmetry of their Bodies, the Gracefulness and Beauty of their Face, the Agreeableness of their Humour, the Sweetness of their Breath, and Delicousness of their Breasts; so all these Considerations are turn'd here to a Spiritual Sense, in Commendation of Virtue under each of these Respects.

(e) Anaxagoras the Philosopher held the Soul was made of Harmony: Too Musical a Conceit, unless meant as here, that she is a Principle of Order. And certainly of all Orders That is the most Harmonious, best proportion'd and Exact, which directs every thing to Man's True Last End for which his nature was Created: A Property only belonging to Charity or Virtue.

(f) For the Order of Sublunary things passing thro' the hands of Creatures, who are Themselves disabled by Weakness, or disorderd with Passion, (and therefore in both regards Imperfect Agents) does oftentimes seem Straggling and Perplext: And only the Supreme Manager of the World, can bring all those Crooked Windings to meet in a Direct Line, and knit up all those Ill-order'd and Monstrous Actions in a Beauteous Cloze.

(g) The Love of Heaven gives a good Soul a Cheerful Contentedness, a hearty Interiour Satisfaction and Spiritual Joy, (which is therefore one of the Fruits of the Holy Ghost) sets her above all Peevish Regrets which discompose the minds of those who over-sollicitously affect Sublunary Goods or Temporary things; For 'tis This that ballances all Her Discontents by giving Her an Inward Assurance that no Crosses or Contradictions are in the least able to hurt Her; but on the contrary, born with a Glad Resignation, they do (as the Apostle says) Co-operate to Her Salvation. Wherefore, this Vivacity of Spirit, best resembles the Genius, Comportment and (as we may say) the Good Humour of Virtue.

(h) Heaven seems oft times to delay it's Spiritual Favours to increase our Reward by striving longer and more earnestly to obtain them by our Ardent Wishes, and Fervent Prayers; by which (as our B. Saviour expresses it) the Kingdom of Heaven suffers Violence.

(i) Mutual Expressions of Love, between the B. Spirit desirous to diffuse its Gifts, and Courting us to dispose our selves to receive them; and Devout Souls, solliciting with Affectionate Wishes for Grace in the Way and Glorious Fruition in the End.

(k) Fervent and Frequent Desires of Heaven.

(l) Angels.

(m) All Corporeal Nature, or Bodies, are Unable to move themselves, but must be mov'd by another; which is the definition of an Instrument. Whence the whole Material World is but one Great Instrument of the Intelligences or Angels, which order and move the several parts of it according as may suit best with the Designs of God's Providence.

(n) All our good Actions, and even Desires of Virtue, Spring from the Motions of the Holy Ghost, breath'd (as it were) into our Souls.

DEDICATION:

To the COUNTESS of Newburgh.

Madam,

Nature's best Flower unblossom'd long,
 And late from Riper Reason sprung,
 Begs She may in your Bosom sit,
 Both to Perfume and Balsome it;
 And Virtue's Handmaid humbly sues
 You would her sober Service use.
 She prays You not to think her Light,
 Fram'd for Fond Toyes or Vain Delight,
 To vapour in big Talk, or show
 How much we more than others know:
 She vows 'tis Heav'n's and Her Design,
 To make first Virtuous, next Divine.
 Truths are her Daughters; Truths ally'd
 To Heaven by the Fathers side.
 Truths, which would their Birth disown
 Did they on one another frown,
 Not constantly self-link't remain
 In an Inseparable Chain.
 The Natural are Foundation-stones,
 To bear the Supernatural ones;
 Which, tho' they to Heaven's Top aspire,
 'Tis the same Ground rais'd Stories higher.
 Blest Soul, which to the Throne Divine
 Winds it self up by it's own Line!
 And, if thro' Ignorance's Night
 Our Stumbling Nature can by th' Light
 Of Faith's Dark-Lanthorn to Heav'n run,
 What would it, guided by this Sun?

To SCIENCE, *Virtue's Handmaid.*

Stanza I.

(a) **H**Andmaid to Her
 To whom my Soul does humblest Homage owe,
 And far before a whole Seraglio
 Of Worldly Mistresses prefer,

Daign

Daign the poor Tender of this Sprig of Bayes,
My Muse to *Thee* and thy *Relation* pays.

(b) Who wooes the *Mistress* e're he wins the *Maid*,
By his preposterous Boldness has his Suit betray'd.

She is my Soul's *Fire*, Thou my *Light*;
The All-wise Hand

This Order put, and bid it stand,
E're She *Heats Thoroughly* Thou must first *Shine Bright*.

I I.

Some near-acquainted Friends you have
Who *this* Relation wave;
Maintaining that it is *Another*,
And that thou art fair *Virtue's Mother*,
Made Pregnant by Great *Father* Providence
His more Particular *Grace-feeding* Influence.

Some call thee even Her *Sister-Twin*, and say
Both from *same* Parents came, both in the *same* Womb lay,
As *Light* and *Heat* do ly
Pent in *one* pretty Beam glanc't down from Heavens fair Eye.

(c) Other Great Men of Art affirm they know,
That, when thou dost not Monstrous grow,
Thou com'st to be the *self-same* thing;
Onely differing

As *Blossom* from the *Rose full-blown*,
Or *Tender Damsell* from her self now a *Stay'd Matron* grown.

And that, as th' Early Sun,
New sprung from the Cool Morning Horizon,
At first onely with *Light*

Visibly affects our *Sight*;
But, bowling on his Ball of *Fire*,
Up to his high Meridian Spire,
Still, as he goes, in *Heat* he thrives,
Till, when he there arrives,
His *self-redoubled* Beams

Become at length advanc't into *Flame-darting* Streams,
So Vigorous Active *Virtue's* no *New* thing at all,
But onely Strengthen'd *Science* now made *Vertical*;

Which

Which into *Virtue* grows, not fades away,
As faint-light Morn spreads into full Noon-day.

III.

Be her Relation what it will,
She is Subordinate to *Virtue* still;
And 'mongst her many Titles this is best,
She's made t' advance Great *Virtue's* Interest.
Pardon, Bright Maid, if *Virtue* we prefer,
And make thy Height humbly submit to *Her*;
Pardon *Thy Self*, Dear, if I be too Bold,
For 'twas *Thy Self* this Truth unto me told:
Thy Self=indifferent Self, which can't deny
This Truth no more than Truth it self can ly.
Yet I swear, **Science**, by the Fair-sweet Hand
Of Sacred *Virtue*, our Loves Faithful Band;
Were Heaven as fond Atheists dream,
Nought but an Idle Theam,
And Solid **Virtue** but an Aiery Name,
No Bliss at all deserving,
But onely vainly serving
To blow the Empty Trump of Fame,
That is, were She not *She*,
Thou my First Mistress, Thou my Love shouldst be.

I know the Ancients of Philosophy,
That silly Rabble
Whose false-pretended Love of Truth was spent in Babble,
Did with Preposterous Civility
Neglect Fair **Virtue**, onely Courting Thee;
But sunk by this so deep in Thy Disgrace,
They scarce obtain'd one Constant Look from Thy sweet Face.
Rather, indeed, I fear, in stead of Thee,
They woo'd some othe'r Imaginary She;
And, like to Men in Dreams, they idly talk't
Of some fine Faery Toy that in their Fancies walk't:

D

For

For they that know not where their *Journey* ends,
How should they *Science* know, the *Way* that thither tends?

IV.

(d) Thou art that Rare
Rich *Chain of Gold* let down
From Heav'n's *sure-fixt Throne*,
Which tyes the Earth, his Foot-stool, to *Joves Chair*.
Jacob's well-fram'd *Ladder*; which
Presses Earth, yet Heav'n does reach :
Whence by immediate Steps we climb
From Nature 'bove the sphere of Time,
And with Familiar Sight descry
What Vulgar Eyes think *Mystery*.

Adam, until he was unmann'd
By that Fair Apple, dish't up in *Eve's* Fairer Hand,
And that *sin-poyson'd* Fruit its Venome spread,
On better Meat, Blest *Contemplation*, fed.
Each Lively and Full-breasted Thought
A Rich Meal brought,
Made up of daintiest *Rarities*,
Which took Root in his own, *branch't* to th' Supernal Paradise.
But when the Black Fiend, *Sin*, possess'd
It's curst self of his Soul's Breast,
Her same-colour'd Friend and Shade,
Dark *Ignorance*,
Did his besotted Soul invade
And all his former Powers *Intrance*.
His Vigorous Knowledge was thereby
Doz'd to a stupid *Lethargy*;
Which saddest Legacy we inherit still,
A Dark Night in our Mind, a Dull Sleep in our Will.

V.

But Thou, Bright *Science*, dost dispel
Those Lazy Mists exhal'd from Hell,

Which

Which *stifle* Virtue, *cloud* our Day,
Reflect, or else *Refract* Heav'n's Ray.
 Thou rescu'ſt Reason, purgeſt Senſe
 From that *Original* Offence.

And, as who Lovely Objects ſpies
 By the Soul's *Spectacles* and *Burning-Glaſs*, the *Eyes*,
 Catches Love's Fire

With far *more* Vigorous Deſire
 Than others could

By what dull *Sounds* and *Hearſay* told;
 Such is th' Advantage Thou win'ſt here,
 As *Sight* are *Sound*, and *Eye* o're *Ear*.

Thy clear Propoſals gather, and draw Heaven in
 Thro' the Soul's widen'd Pores, and ſqueez out putrid Sin.

(e) *Faith* but ſupplies thy room, and brings
 Heav'n wrapt in *Words*, thou writ in *Things*:
Faith's Leſſon all may read that look,
 But thine's the *Clearer*, yet the *Harder* Book;
 Oh Book! Oh World! Oh *Sun* clad in *thin* ſhade!
 Oh Book the *Beſt*, and *All* that God e're made!
 Dull Clods, Drops, Sparks thou ſeem'ſt to be,
 Small Atomes of *Great* Entity;
 But, Big with GOD is thy each part,
 And *Vaſter* Truths far than thy *Whole* Self art.

VI

The Architect, and Owner of this *All*
 Delivered out in *Groſs*
 The All-rich Ball,
 In Number, Measure, Weight,
 Proportioned aright,
 And bid 'us *Traffick* with 't and thrive;
 But we were at a Loſs,
 None could into it's *hidden* Treasures rightly dive;
 'Till his Wife Steward, *Science*, came,
 Acquainted with her Maſter's Will,
 And with rare Skill

(f) Did

- (f) Did subtly take in pieces the vast Frame;
 And to Heav'n's Merchandize the more to wooe us,
Detail'd in Parcels, and chaw'd *small* the too-great Morsel to us.

When *Prudence*, the wise Governess
 Of **Virtue's** Family, would try
 A Pattern of her perfect Managery,
 And *Rational Actions*, her sweet *Children*, dress;
 Fixing upon them in fit places
 Her whole bright Set of *Circumstantial Graces*;
 By thy square, **Science**, she each Line doth draw,
 And makes thy Word her *Rule*, thy Dictates *Law*.

VII.

- (g) When **Virtue** her self to Heaven a Journey takes,
 And quaintly dresses
 Her shining Tresses
 With the most Curious and Enamouring Art,
 To ravish so the High King's Heart;
 Fair **Science**, thy Bright *Eye* her *Looking-Glass* she makes.
 In thine *Eye*, Reasons best Mirrour,
 She can spy each slender Errour,
 And the least Blemish of Deformity,
- (h) What's *wrinkled*, *loosely set*, or *pinn'd awry*.

- (i) When *Musick* would the ravish'd Soul beguile
 To dwell in the *Ear's* Labyrinth a while,
 (Nature's well-ecchoing *Musick-room*)
 Whither repairs
 A pretty Quire of nimble *light-foot* Ayres,
 Ferry'd o're in *quavering* Undulations
 Interwoven on a thousand Fashions;
 And there presents an *unseen Masque* of Sounds,
 Sent from the *Tattling* Strings, or *Whistling* Pipes Rebounds:
 While She makes *Friends* in Consort each *Discording* Part,
 Her Art tunes *Instruments*, but **Science** tunes her *Art*.

VIII. Thou

VIII.

Thou art that Bright
Reserve of Light
 For the *Wise* Church, when grown
 From *Unripe Nonage* to her *Manly Noon*.
 Her Youth's *School-Master*, dark *Credulity*,
 Too weak to govern Mankind now a *Child* no longer
 But fit for th' *University*,
 Will her dear Charge to Thee in Part resign
 And those *Soul-binding* Charms of thine,
 To govern such a *Free-born* Subject stronger.
 GOD is the *Fountain-Sun*, Thou his *ne're-changing Moon*,
 That deal'st as great a share of *Borrow'd* Light
 As can consist with our *Flesh-veiled* sight :
 Fair *Dawning* to *Bright Bliss*, Dark *Nature's* fullest Noon.

IX.

But, ah! my lisping Lyre
 Is now quite *spent*, yet Thou art still *Intire*.
 Farewel Bright *Science*, thrice farewel :
 Yet part not from
 My Soul, such kind of Houses use to be thy *Home*.
 Nature has built Thee there fine (*k*) *Chrystal* Rooms ;
 And I will woove
Virtue her self to strow
 There for Thee her *Best* Perfumes.
 The Fabrick thou'lt *embrace* beyond all Art and Praise
 With thy own *Soul-guilding* Rayes.
 There, there vouchsafe to dwell,
 There, there farewel.
 Farewel in me, and thy Dear Self improve
 To Full Light in my Head, and, in my Heart, Firm Love.

F I N I S.

E

ANNO.

A N N O T A T I O N S.

(a) **W**hat is meant here by *Science*, is already declar'd in the Preface; viz. All those Knowledges, whether acquir'd by Prayer or Study, which, superadded to Faith, are apt to render it Lively. And indeed, should we restrain the common signification of that word (which imports no more but Knowledge) to the Stricter Sense in which the Schools take it, nothing ought (even speaking of Natural Objects) in true speech to be called Science, unless it be in some Sort deriv'd from God, and by means of that Derivation, be apt to raise us to the Knowledge of Him: For, since all Truths are Connected, and Science is the Knowing of things by their Causes; hence, only such Knowledges as relate to the First Truth, and inform us of the Derivation of Things from the First Cause, or of their Connexion with it, can pretend to the Honour of being reputed True Sciences: For which reason the Epicureans, who deny a First Cause, and hold all things to be done by Chance, can lay no Claim to Scientifical Knowledge of any thing in Nature; Whence, of all other Sects of Philosophers, Their Principles are the most Absurd, Precarious, and Inconsistent.

Moreover, Science is intended to Perfect the Understanding Faculty; but when 'tis Practical, and fits the Soul for Action, that is (in our case) for the Love of God, then 'tis Full, Lively, and in that State, which makes Science be as it should be, that is Unmixt with Ignorance: Whereas, when 'tis meerly Speculative and Unactive, 'tis Weak, Faint, oftentimes Airy, and alwayes (as to Heaven) Useless; and by reason of it's Imperfection, being alloy'd with some degree of Ignorance, it degenerates from the Sincere and Genuine nature of Knowledge. For it is to be noted, that *Virtue and Science* are here treated of, as in their Abstracted Ideas, or as perfectly depur'd from all their Imperfections; as may be seen in the third Stanza upon Virtue, and in the 7th. and 8th. Stanzas here. With which it may well consist, that there may be many inferior Degrees of both of them, that are not acquired either by Art or Contemplation, but are Instill'd by the Common Doctrine and Discipline of the Church, which may suffice to bring Souls to Heaven sooner or later, tho' they may not perhaps come so high, as to dispose them Immediately for the Beatifical Vision; this being only attainable by those, who are Pure in Heart, and cleans'd from all Inordinate By-Affections to Creatures; which requires more than Common Illuminations.

(b) For the Connatural way to Love any thing, is to Know and Conceit Lively the Goodness that is in it; and therefore Regularly, and in due order of Nature, according to the Express and Lively Knowledge a Soul has of Caelestial Goods; so great in proportion is her Love of them. Whence, whenever she falls into Sin, or Loves not Heaven as she ought, 'tis because some Temporary or False Good, making a more Agreeable Appearance to her at that unlucky Season, the Knowledge of the Incomparable Good of Heaven, which she had before, is Darken'd and Dimm'd by Passion, or (which is the same) by too much affection to some Creature; according to that saying of Divines, Omnis peccans ignorat, Every one that sins is (to some degree) Ignorant. How far Ignorance is Culpable or Excusable, belongs to that Great Judge to determine who knows the Heart? Only this we can certainly affirm in common, by the Light we have from Christian Principles, that whenever the affection to any Creature so belots and blinds us that we do not Love Heaven above all things, but fail in those Duties which only can dispose us to attain it, we are plunging our Souls into that sad condition, which, unrepented of, must inevitably bring us to Eternal Misery; when our Jolly Days, so carelessly spent, are past, which God only knows how few they may be.

(c) To

(c) To illustrate this Point held by some Great Divines, we may reflect, that, as when in other Animals the Brain is Full of Species, or Particles receiv'd from any Object that is agreeable to their Natures, it happens, that by this Total possessing of the Fancy, abundance of Spirits are sent forth thence into other parts, whence the Animal becomes Active and Eager to pursue it; which Principle or Power of Acting we use to call Appetite or Sensitive Love of it: In the same manner, when, in a Rational Creature or Man, the Understanding is wholly taken up with the Knowledge of Heaven, clearly appearing to it as its onely True and Eternal Good, that Fullness of Heavenly Thoughts excludes and hinders the Co-existence, much more the Competition of the deluding and seducing Appearances of Transitory Goods; whence the whole Man strains towards the attainment of it, and becomes Active to pursue; which Knowledge, now made a strong Practical Judgment and Operative, does the same that the Will uses and is to do, and therefore (say they) 'tis the same Power which we call the Will: Whence the Great St. Austin, no less solidly than acutely, says that the Understanding and Will do differ as Luna templaena and plena; that is, as the Moon Half-full and Full.

To apply this to our Point in hand: In the same manner that these Powers, called the Understanding and Will, do differ; so, in the same proportion (according to this Opinion) must Knowledge and Love of Heaven, (that is, Science and Virtue) which are the Acts, or rather Habits, of those Powers be distinct also; and the Difference between them, if we take Knowledge as in its perfect State, is this, that the One is consider'd as receiv'd from Outward Objects, and perfecting the Soul interiorly, as it is Intellective; and the Other, as it has respect to those Acts it is to produce, and to the End it is apt to work for or pursue.

The Usefulness of this Doctrine may seem to evince its Truth: For, hence we may clearly see that the only secure way to resist Temptations, to avoid Sin, to raise our Souls to Heaven and keep them up at that pitch, and (in a word) to manage our Actions so as to attain to Salvation, consists in this, that either we fix and rivet in our Minds by wise Reflexions strong and steady Habitual Judgments of the Incomparable Good of Heavenly Bliss, and of the Nothingness in comparison of all Temporary Goods, which is the Way Proper for the Learned and more Elevated Souls. Or else by Frequent Dints and Impressions made by constant Prayer, Devout Reading, Pious Discourses, Use of Sacraments, &c. To lay up in our Souls Great Store of Spiritual Ideas, and Express conceits of Heavenly Objects, so that they may be ready and at hand to make head against, and subdue the Weaker Band of the Impressions made by False Goods assaulting our Fancies with their Glossy and Sophisticate appearances, and Tempting us to follow their Sinful Suggestions. For our constant Experience informs us upon a Cursory Reflexion, that we never Conquer in our Spiritual Warfare, but when we are well furnisht with such Heavenly Ideas, which keep our Soul upon her Guard, and Fortify her with the Lively Representations of our True Good; and that, on the other side, we are never Overcome, but when, thro' our Neglecting to stand prepared for our Christian Battel, we have either Rang'd but a Thin Troop of Heavenly Thoughts on Reasons side; or else, thro' our Slack Discipline, we keep them not Watchful to repell the Fiery Darts of Concupiscence, which our Ghostly Enemy makes use of when he assails us. Whence Assiduity and Constancy in our Spiritual Exercises, and Devout Duties, not for Fashions sake, but out of a Sincere and True Intention to bear up to Heaven, is the Only Sure and Effectual way to attain it; and whenever we grow Careless and Negligent in performing those Duties, we do most certainly lie Expos'd to the Stratagems of our Adversary the Devil, and are in imminent danger of being Spiritually Wounded by Sin; and if that Wound be Mortal, of Spiritual Death, Eternal Damnation.

(c) Had

(e) Had all Men Perfect Science of the Excellency of Heavenly Bliss (of which we only Treat here) Faith would not be needful for that particular; neither (if all other Respects were Equal) would there be so much Sin in the World? Which is one Reason why the Saints in Heaven are absolutely incapable of Sinning, or falling from their Happy State.

(f) By considering the Particularities, found in each Piece of Nature, a part; which, thus singled out, become fit to be the Objects of the several Sciences that Treat of them: Whereas, were those Distinct Considerations blended together confusedly as they are found in the Thing it self, our Imperfect way of Knowing, being unable to comprehend the whole Object, and all the several Respects that belong to it at one Intuitive View (as do the Angels) and consequently, not being able to fathom it, we could not have any Science at all of it.

(g) To accomplish a Soul in Exact Virtue, either our own Knowledge, enabling us to look thorowly into Christian Principles and our own Interiour; or, the Guidance of Skilful and Knowing Spiritual Directors is absolutely necessary; without which many Imperfections and Deviations from the straight Rule of Christian Morality must needs happen.

(h) That is, what's Uneven and Inconsistent; what Tepid and Weak thro' want of Habitual Steadiness and Firmness; and what's against the Exact Rule of Christ's most Immaculate Law, or beside that Rule.

(i) It being too tedious, and indeed impertinent, to mention the other Liberal Sciences, Notice is here taken of Musick onely; which is us'd in all Publick Solemnities as an Incitement to Devotion, and absolutely necessary for Sacred Poessie, (Psalms and Hymns) in which the most Soul-melting Strains of Piety are deliver'd.

(k) An Intellectual or Spiritual Nature.

FINIS.

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